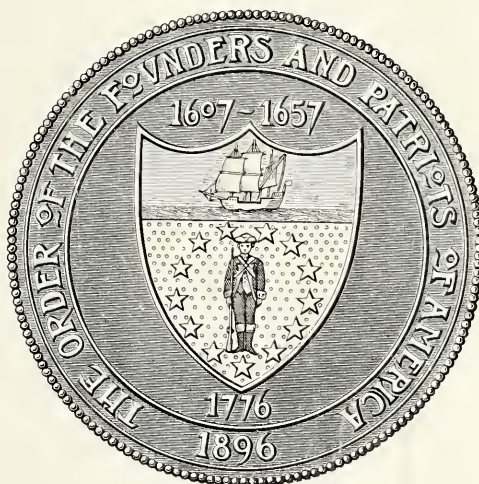


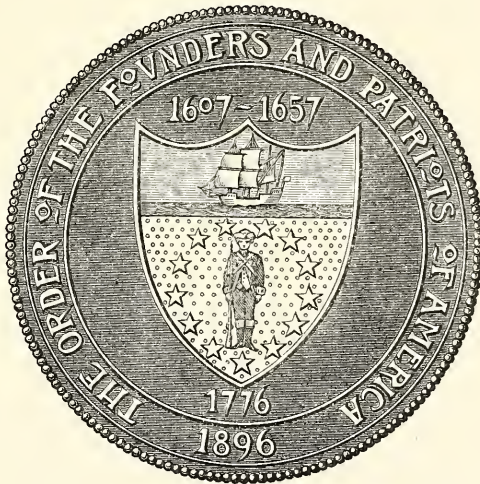
WASHINGTON—LINCOLN
AND
GRANT



An Address by
GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON
delivered before
THE NEW YORK SOCIETY
OF THE
ORDER OF THE FOUNDERS AND
PATRIOTS OF AMERICA

April 6, 1903

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THE NEW YORK SOCIETY
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Note

The following address was delivered by invitation, by General James Grant Wilson, before the New York Society of the Order, at a meeting held in the Hotel Manhattan, New York City, Monday evening, April 6, 1903. Being the personal reminiscences of General Wilson as to these distinguished men and possessing great interest to the public, its publication was directed by the New York Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America.

Executive Mansion,

Washington, Dec. 26 1864.

My dear General Sherman

Many, many thanks for your kind

message - the captain of Savannah.

When you were about leaving Ste. G. for the States
the court, I was anxious if not fearful, I was feeling
that you was the better judge, and remembering
that "nothing risks nothing gains" I did not
interfere. Now, the undertaking being a success, the
honor is all yours for I believe none of us went far
like this to acquiesce. Now, taking the work of
Gen. Thomas, into the court, as it should be taken,
it is indeed a great concern. Not only one, or of
your the strains are immediate military advantages,
but in showing to the world that your army would
be obedient, putting the stronger part to an infant
and new service and get leaving enough to make
good the old offering force of the whole - I do not
know - it brings them into the darkness, to see a
great light. But what next? I suppose it will

be paper if I leave Gen. Grant and young &
deeds.

Please make my grateful acknowledgements
to your whole army, officers and men.

Yours very truly
Abraham Lincoln

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“Steadfast for God and Country”

WASHINGTON—LINCOLN and GRANT

BY

GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON

BY the general judgment of the English-speaking world, Washington Lincoln and Grant are accepted as the three greatest Americans—Washington the founder, Lincoln the liberator, and Grant the savior of our country. With the *pater patriæ* I enjoyed agreeable associations in early youth through intimacies with several of those who were nearest and dearest to him ; with the martyred President it was my privilege to enjoy an acquaintance extending over a period of six years, and with the illustrious soldier I was on terms of intimacy for almost a quarter of a century. While many persons have known Lincoln and Grant, and a few perhaps have known Washington and Lincoln, so far as I am aware, there never was but one individual born into this world who knew the triumvirate of uncrowned kings. That person was the leader of the Philadelphia bar, and he was among the great leaders of the profession throughout the land—I refer to Horace Binney, with whom I spent a memorable hour in the year 1874. During that delightful interview he told me that he had known Washington intimately, that his mother lived in Market street very near the President's residence, that he met him almost daily for several years, and even held conversations with Washington. He also stated the interesting fact that he had been acquainted with every President of these United States up to the time of General Grant, during whose second administration he passed away at the great age of ninety-five.

I desire to push back the hand of time for a moment, to the period of October, 1777. In the great victory that was won at Saratoga, the hero of the battle was not the American com-

mander, but Benedict Arnold. A few weeks after that great event Washington met Arnold, complimented him upon his gallantry, and said to him, "Sir, I understand that in that battle where you rendered such valuable services you had the misfortune to lose your sleeve links. Will you do me the honor to accept this pair?" When Arnold became a traitor to his native land, and Washington, with righteous indignation, had denounced his base treachery in bitter and burning words, he no longer took pleasure in the possession of Washington's gift, and he presented the gold links to Colonel Tarleton, the only British officer who had treated him with any degree of courtesy. When Tarleton, with the British army, returned to his native land, he gave Washington's gift to his military secretary, an American loyalist, and when he died, they were left to his only son, Fitz-Greene Halleck. When the poet passed away, he bequeathed them to a young friend, who later became his biographer, and here are the sleeve links.

A few years before the commencement of the Civil War, there was a house party in a grand old Virginia mansion, assembled together for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of Washington's birth. The host was Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis; the hostess was his only daughter, Mary, wife of Robert E. Lee, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second United States Cavalry. The day was devoted chiefly to listening to charming recollections of Mr. Custis, who had lived with his father, as he called Washington, for eighteen years; to looking at Washington's letters, his books, his swords, his canes, his jewelry, and in short, to innumerable articles hallowed by association with him. It was a red-letter day—in the words of Carlyle, "A day never to be forgotten in this world." Alas, of all that happy house party, the Richmond beauties, the Baltimore belles, the young Virginians, and the two young students from the North, your speaker is the only survivor. The place of that meeting was Arlington, now a national cemetery. There rests that *beau sabreur* gallant, Phil Sheridan, and around him are buried several thousand of those rough riders who followed him on many a well-fought field.

A few days later I was the guest of a venerable lady in the city of Washington, whose hair was silvered by the snows of ninety-six winters. In early life she and my godmother were

taught by the same governess. They parted at the age of thirteen, and they never met again. The broad Atlantic rolled between them, but they continued to correspond for almost four-score years. Elizabeth Schuyler, at the age of eighteen, spent the winter with Washington and Mrs. Washington when the army was quartered at Morristown, New Jersey. Among her many admirers she gave her hand and heart to a young captain of artillery, and they were married in her father's (Gen. Philip Schuyler) house in Albany, one hundred and twenty-three years ago. At the time of my visit, she had been separated by death from her young captain for half a century, but still loved to speak of him and of his great chief, with whom he was a staff officer later on, with the rank of Colonel. She described Washington as the most majestic and magnificent of men and the finest horseman of his age. Mounted on one of his fiery steeds, he was always an inspiration to his troops. When I took my final leave of this venerable woman she said to me, "My dear young friend, you may be glad to remember hereafter that the same hand which your lips have just pressed was often pressed by the lips of Washington." A year later I saw her placed by the side of her young captain, under the shadows of old Trinity Church, New York. That young captain's fame, as the most brilliant of American statesmen, has flown to the four quarters of the globe—his name was Alexander Hamilton.

A few years after the war I was a guest for a week in one of England's great houses. The estate of between six and seven thousand acres in the heart of England was purchased by the British government at a cost of one million and a half dollars, and presented to a successful soldier for a day's work at Waterloo. Another equally great battle was won at Gettysburg by General Meade—a battle not surpassed in importance by any fought since Saxon Harold fell at Hastings eight hundred years ago, but I never heard that he received an estate of any kind from our Republican government. When I entered the drawing room for the first time with the Duke of Wellington's son I was charmed and surprised to see one of Stuart's noble heads of Washington occupying the place of honor in the stately apartment larger than this hall in which we are assembled. I said to my host—who was Wellington's eldest son and heir—"Where did you find that fine portrait?" "Oh," he said, "my father

hung that picture there forty years ago." I asked, "Did your father admire Washington?" "My father," was the Duke's reply, "deemed Washington the purest and noblest character of modern times—possibly of all times, and considering the material which he had to oppose to the trained soldiers of England, also a great general."

Another interesting statement which the second Duke made to me was that when his father, in the second war with England, was assigned to the command of the expedition sent out against the city of Washington and New Orleans, he declined the command on the ground that he would not fight against Washington's countrymen. And when the government asked for the names of three officers from whom a commander could be selected, Wellington wrote, "Sir Edward Pakenham," "Sir Edward Pakenham," "Sir Edward Pakenham," and so poor Sir Edward was sent to New Orleans to meet his death in the most disgraceful and disastrous defeat ever sustained by a British army.

Six years ago one of the officers who followed Grant down the Mississippi valley, wrote the General's life, and sent a copy to Gladstone, with whom he had the privilege of an acquaintance. In the course of the narrative the author had drawn a comparison between Washington and Grant. Soon after an acknowledgment came from the great English statesman, in which some pleasant compliments were paid to the biography, and he closed his letter by saying, "America is indeed a happy country if she can produce men worthy to be compared to the excellence of Washington, who has been a guide to my path during all the days of my long life." That letter is among my most valued literary treasures.

Many in this hall may remember that in June, 1865, Mr. Lowell delivered his immortal Harvard Commemoration Ode. In that ode he devoted considerable space to Lincoln. He described him as

"New birth of our new soil—the first American."

Again Lowell said :

"Here was a type of the true elder race,

And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."
My first talk face to face with that extraordinary man was in

the year 1858, when he was in the midst of his celebrated debate with Douglas—a debate which terminated in the victory of Douglas, who regained his seat in the Senate, but Mr. Lincoln won a still higher place—the presidency. I was introduced to him by one of my father's friends—a United States District Judge. We found him in a shabby little uncarpeted office over a grocer's shop. He was a man of unusual height, six feet four, being four inches taller than Washington, and nearly nine inches taller than Grant. His face was rugged and swarthy, with coarse rebellious hair; his arms and limbs seemed to be the longest I had ever seen—huge hands and enormous feet; and his greyish-brown eyes were the saddest I ever saw. But when a good story was told by himself or others, his face lighted up until he was positively handsome.

I recall many things that were said during that memorable hour. I ventured to ask him from what part of the country his ancestors came. He said, "Well, my young friend, I believe the first of my ancestors came to Massachusetts in 1638 and settled in a place called Hingham or Hang-him—which was it, Judge?" The Judge then said to Mr. Lincoln that I had been telling him some remarkable stories which I had recently heard related at Arlington by Mr. Custis, the adopted son of Washington. Among other things, that he was probably the strongest man of his day and generation, and that he was a famous wrestler, which was the favorite amusement with young Virginians when Washington was a youth, and that he never had been thrown. Said Lincoln, "My young friend, it is rather a curious thing, but that is exactly my record; I could outlift any man in Illinois when I was young, and I never was thrown. I should be very glad if George was around now, to have a tussle with him, and I rather think that one of the plain people of Illinois would be able to keep up his end with the aristocrat of old Virginia." He was very fond of being known as one of the plain people. I frequently heard him use the expression. On one occasion Lincoln said, "Well, I think that really the Lord must love the plain people, because He has made so many of them."

Something was said about the wild-cat currency, which was a species of paper money worth about as much as Confederate currency was worth in the month of May, 1865. I remember a pillow-case being offered to me, filled with it—I do not know

how many hundred there were—but I remember the Confederate said he would be very glad to accept a five-dollar bill in exchange for the lot, which he did. Lincoln's story was that he was going down the Mississippi. The wood was getting low and the captain told the pilot to steer in to the nearest wood pile. When they reached it the captain said to the man on shore, "Is that your wood?" "Certainly." "Do you want to sell it?" "Yes." "Will you take wild-cat currency?" "Yes." "How will you take it?" "Why," he said, "cord for cord."

Lincoln told a very droll story about going to a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Lunatic Asylum, which was situated near Springfield. He said it was rather chilly and the long hall was rather draughty, and as he walked through he thought it would be well to wear his hat. As he passed along, about mid-way, a little lunatic darted out in front of him, swelled out his chest, and looking very indignant, said: "Sir, I am amazed that you should presume to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus." "I beg your pardon, Christopher Columbus," Mr. Lincoln removing his hat and passing on to the meeting. Returning half an hour later, having forgotten the incident, and having his hat on, the little lunatic darted out from the same passage and drew himself up as before and said: "Sir, I am astounded that you should dare to wear your hat in the presence of General Washington." "Excuse me, General," and Mr. Lincoln took off his hat, "but it seems to me that about half an hour ago you said you were Christopher Columbus." "Oh, yes; that is correct, but that was by another mother."

Years passed, and General Grant gave me leave of absence to go to Washington to see a younger brother, who had been mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg and was lying in the Georgetown hospital. After seeing my brother, I called upon the President and he said: "Well, Colonel, what brings you here?" I told him my errand. Then he said, "I wish you would come around about four o'clock this afternoon, and we will go out and see the young captain." So that afternoon we walked to the Georgetown hospital, and Mr. Lincoln saw, or thought he saw, a strong resemblance between my brother and the son whom he had lost the year previous. It interested him so much that the next day Mrs. Lincoln drove out with us, and

she saw the same resemblance, and almost every day during the fortnight that my brother lived, he went out to see the young captain, which naturally gratified him very much indeed, and Mrs. Lincoln, who was a very kind-hearted woman, made a great many little delicacies with her own hands which she took out to the young soldier. I mention this little incident to illustrate the fact that Mr. Lincoln was one of the kindest hearted of men, of whom I can say, as Bassanio said of his Venetian friend, "The kindest man, the best conditioned and unwearied spirit, in doing courtesies."

When Commander Worden was wounded in the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac he was brought to Washington by his friend, Lieut. Wise, and taken to his house. Wise was *persona grata* at the White House, and although the Cabinet was in session, he had no difficulty in making his way to Mr. Lincoln and told him that Worden was at his house. The President arose and said to the Cabinet, "There will be no further business to-day; I am going around to see the brave fellow," and he accompanied Lieut. Wise and went upstairs where the wounded officer was in bed with his eyes closed and face torn and bleeding. Wise said, "Jack, here is the President come to see you." "You do me great honor," said Worden. There was no response. Wise turned to look at Mr. Lincoln and was surprised to see him in tears. As soon as he could gain control of himself he said: "It is not so; it is you who honor me, and your country, and I will promote you," and he made him a captain that very day. I could give other instances of Mr. Lincoln's kindness, but these two will suffice.

I was at the White House one afternoon just before we were starting for the Georgetown hospital when a member of Congress called. He pleaded with the President to give him a few minutes, and the Congressman looked at me in a significant way. Lincoln said, "It is all right; we are going out together; turn on your oratory." So the member talked very vigorously for ten minutes in behalf of his constituent who wanted some office. After he had done, the President looked on one side of his face and then on the other, very critically, and then said: "Why John, how close you do shave." That was the way in which Mr. Lincoln very often baffled the office seekers, and although he was disappointed, of course, yet the Congressman

could not avoid laughing, and we all went out together in good humor.

Two years later I was again in Washington, where I was on duty for several months, and had occasion to see the President very often on business. I made a point of never going to him without trying to conjure up some little story which would bring a smile or a laugh to the President, and on that account perhaps, my visits always seemed to be agreeable to him, and whenever I related a story he always had one to tell in reply. On one occasion my brother-in-law, Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, called with a tall constituent—I think he was nearly seven feet tall. Mr. Lincoln had a most profound admiration for any man taller than himself. He surveyed the visitor from head to foot, with great astonishment, and then said, "My friend, do you know when your feet get cold?"

Another day the President with the Secretary of State and accompanied by a young officer, attended a review. There was an ambulance provided, and four mules. The ambulance reached the Virginia side of the Potomac where the roads were very badly cut up by the army trains, and the driver had so much difficulty with the mules that his patience gave out and he began to swear, and the worse the roads became the more he swore. Finally the President leaned over and said, in his sweet way, "Driver, my friend." The driver looked around and the President asked, "Are you an Episcopalian?" Naturally the driver looked very much astonished. "No," he said, "Mr. President, I ain't much of anything. If I go to church at all, I generally go to the Methodist church." "Oh, excuse me," said the President, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, for you swear just like Seward, and he is a church warden." It was a noticeable circumstance among Mr. Seward's intimate friends that after that he indulged a little less in profanity, and that, of course, was the President's purpose.

I was so fortunate as to be within a few yards of Mr. Lincoln when he delivered that famous second inaugural address, which is one of the gems of our language, and few writings now existing are likely to outlive it. I owed my pleasant position and seat to the circumstance that I was escorting the daughter and daughter-in-law of a Cabinet minister. Possibly it may be of interest to you if I endeavor to give you, as nearly as I may,

the closing paragraph of that address, in Mr. Lincoln's manner :

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by bondmen by two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk [stamping foot] and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as it was said three thousand years ago, so must it still be said, that the ways of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on with the work that we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who hath borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which shall achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Shortly after, I was invited to accompany the President and Mrs. Lincoln and a young lady who was with him, a few weeks later when he met his death, to the theater. The President sat in the rear of the box, leaning his head against the partition, paying no attention to the play, and he looked so haggard and worn and weary, I should not have been surprised had his soul and body separated that very night. I said to him, "Mr. Lincoln, you are not apparently interested in the play." "Oh, no," he replied "Colonel, I do not come here for the play; I come here for rest; I am being hounded to death by office seekers, who pursue me early and late, and it is simply to get two or three hours relief from them that I come here." He then closed his eyes and I turned to the ladies again. A moment or two afterwards I felt his heavy hand on my shoulder. I turned and to my utmost surprise I saw him sitting upright; his eyes were full of fun, and he said to me, "Colonel, did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the circus?" I said, "No, Mr. President, I am sorry to say you never did." "Well," he said, "when Grant was a little chap about ten years old, the circus came to the place where he lived, Point Pleasant, Ohio, and the boy went to his father and asked him for a quarter to go to the circus, and the old tanner would not give it to him, so he crawled in under the canvas as I used to do, for I never had a quarter when I was a little chap. There was a mule that had

been trained to do tricks in the circus, and he was taught to throw his rider, and a silver dollar was offered to any one who could ride him around the ring without being thrown. A great many applicants tried to win the silver dollar, but they all were thrown over the mule's head into the tan-bark. As the beast was being taken out, in walked Master Ulysses and said, 'I would like to try that mule.' He mounted the mule and held on a great deal better than any of the others and got around about seven-eighths of the ring before the mule succeeded in tossing him over his head. Ulysses jumped on his feet, got the tan-bark out of his mouth, threw off his coat and said, 'I would like to try that mule again.' This time he resorted to strategy. He faced to the rear, took hold of the mule's tail instead of his head, and that rather demoralized the mule; the boy went around the ring and won the dollar. And," said Mr. Lincoln, "just so will he hold on to Bob Lee." Fourteen days later General Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

That night before we separated the President said, "If you will come in to-morrow I will give you a photograph that I have just had taken." The next day he presented me with this photograph, the last ever made of the President, taken by Brady, the celebrated photographer of New York. He wrote his name out in full, "Abraham Lincoln." I think he had a presentiment that something was to happen to him, because he said, "Now, my dear Colonel, this will be valued by you after I am gone." "Mr. Lincoln, I shall not wait for your departure to value it; I appreciate it very much indeed now," and to-night I look upon it as one of my most valued treasures.

A few weeks later I was in the family home on the banks of the Hudson and was awakened in the morning by the tolling of bells. When I asked the servant why the church bells were tolling I learned that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. General Grant said to me it was the saddest day of his life, and I think I may repeat those words—it was the saddest day of my life. You all remember the great funeral that was given to him in many cities, and in this city. At his burial in Springfield, Illinois, on the 4th of May, the committee having the arrangements in charge wisely ordained that the second inaugural address should be read over his grave, as the friends of Raphael

chose that the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration, should be the principal feature of his funeral.

In the month of June, 1843, at the commencement at the United States Military Academy, on the last day, there was an exhibition in the riding hall of cavalry exercises. The last feature of the programme was to be a high leap. From among the forty cadets that were ranged up on one side of the hall at the word of the riding master, Cadet Grant moved out on a powerful horse, passed up the south side of the building, crossed over and as he came down on the opposite side they went over the bar together, as though they had been welded into one. It is the highest jump recorded in military annals—six feet six. General Scott was there, and many distinguished men, including the Board of Visitors. Among the spectators was a schoolboy about ten years of age who, with his father, was on his first visit to West Point, and that scene is photographed in his memory to-night so that he sees it as clearly as he did at that time.

I next saw General Grant when he was in command at Cairo, in the summer of 1861. I was greatly disappointed in his appearance; he looked like a back country farmer; his uniform did not fit him particularly well; it was carelessly worn, unbuttoned, etc. He had a long beard and I thought he was the stillest, simplest man I had ever seen. I did not seem able to get anything out of him, until by some happy thought I said, "General, I was a little chap of about ten when you graduated; I saw you take that famous leap, and I never have forgotten it." That moment Grant was a changed man—as great a change came over him as passed over Mr. Lincoln when he told me the story of Grant at the circus, and I conversed with him for half an hour, finding him one of the best talkers I ever met. Whether it was the circumstance of my remembering him in his exhibition of horsemanship, together with the fact of my middle name, I do not know, but he was ever after a kind and good friend.

You will remember that the first success achieved by the North was at Fort Donelson, on the 16th day of February, 1862. You will also remember that Grant wrote a letter demanding "unconditional surrender" from the Confederate commander. The original letter which he sent is there before you (indicating same). When Grant's Memoirs were published a fac-simile let-

ter was given, purporting to be the original letter, but it was not. The mistake occurred in this way. During General Grant's life he made six copies of that letter; one of them for an army surgeon. That physician afterwards sold his letter to the publishers of Grant's book as the original, and the publishers in perfect good faith used it as such. Some time after the publication of the *Memoirs*, Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer, whose marvelous collection of autographs is now in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, wrote to me complaining of the annoyance this gave him because of his possession of the original letter, and yet in General Grant's own book a copy appeared as a fac-simile of the original, so I begged him to send me a photograph of it, which he did. I sent the photograph to the *New York Herald* with a full statement of the matter, giving the history of the letter, how it came into Mr. Dreer's possession, and that it was the undoubted original, of which there was no question whatever. The communication was published, together with the fac-simile, and the matter was set right, and my dear old friend was made very happy.

On the day that the Confederates endeavored to break through our lines, General Grant was seen riding from one end of the field to the other with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and when the correspondents from all the northern cities sent off their news of the great victory, almost every one of them seemed to have mentioned the circumstance that the successful general was seen riding over the field backward and forward, spurring on the troops, with a cigar in his mouth. The North felt grateful to Grant for achieving the great victory, capturing nearly fourteen thousand of the enemy, nearly a hundred guns, with munitions of war, and they thought that as he was a smoker, there was no better way of testifying their gratitude than by sending him a box of cigars, and in less than two weeks there were not less than twenty thousand cigars piled up around his headquarters. The general was an honest man and he did not think he should sell the cigars, nor did he believe it would be proper to give them away, so the only thing to do was to smoke them, and a man who never used more than two cigars a day immediately began to smoke almost a bunch of cigars a day and kept it up for twenty years. That is the history of his smoking to excess. He began as a matter of duty, and then it became a

habit. He told me that he was not aware that he ever received any ill effects from smoking, but as you will all remember, it was to his excessive smoking that the surgeons attributed the appearance of the fatal malady which terminated his life.

Next we come to Shiloh, and I can hardly ever think of that battle without recalling a trifling incident that occurred there, which amused the general so much, that I have heard him break down with laughter in attempting to relate it. The incident was simply this. A private soldier, who never heard a gun fired before—a big, handsome fellow of six feet—was so perfectly panic-stricken and demoralized by the second or third volley that the Confederates poured into his regiment and seeing his comrades fall dead near him, that he finally threw down his gun and started for the rear as fast as his long legs would carry him. In his course he happened to pass near General Sherman, who shouted to him, "Why are you running?" and the frightened man without stopping, yelled back, "Because I can't fly." Fortunately Sherman's bullet missed him, and I knew him later as one of the bravest Colonels in our western army. He went with Sherman to Atlanta and from Atlanta to the sea and back again to the North, taking part in the famous Washington review at the end of the war, and is still living.

A little story occurs to me as one that amused Grant and that I often heard him relate, although it has no reference to Shiloh, was with a certain rough carpenter, who used to accompany Stonewell Jackson in his famous marches. On one occasion when he was making a rapid march he came to a deep stream. The bridge had been burned and it was necessary it should be rebuilt as soon as possible in order not to delay him. He sent for the engineers and the carpenter and told them what was wanted, and the engineers retired to their tent to prepare their plans. About two hours afterwards the carpenter appeared and said: "General, that bridge is finished, but them air pictures ain't come yet."

Another story of Grant's was of a little incident that occurred in Mexico. General Taylor sent a detachment to Brownville, opposite Metamoros. A few days later the sound of distant guns was heard and Taylor knew then that the war with Mexico had begun. He ordered that the army should move immediately, and in light marching order, that nothing superfluous should be

taken, but one wagon allowed to a regiment. "There was a young officer in our regiment," said Grant, "who was a great book-worm, and he had a little wooden book-case, that held about twenty volumes and he put that in the wagon. The colonel was one of those plain, old-fashioned soldiers who did not care for literature, and when he saw those books he ordered them thrown out. The adjutant of the regiment saw the book-case thrown out and he felt anxious about a small keg of whiskey he had put in, so he went to the Colonel and said: "Colonel Whistler, I have not been very well, and I took the liberty of putting in the wagon a small keg of whiskey." "Oh," he replied, "Hoskins, that's all right; anything in reason, but Graham wanted to carry books."

Then came Vicksburg, which I cannot look back to except in the light of being the most brilliant campaign of our war. Many persons may remember that it was deemed a very hazardous thing, and General Sherman wrote a protest against it which he gave Grant and asked him to send it to Washington, saying, "You know, Grant, I have always supported you loyally and I will support you loyally in this campaign, but I have nothing except my reputation as a soldier, and my judgment is against this campaign—it is too hazardous, and I want to go on record as having opposed it." "All right, Sherman, all right," and he put it in his pocket. A few days before it was perfectly obvious to everyone in our army around Vicksburg that we were about to take it they were smoking together in front of Grant's tent and his orderly came from Rawlins, the adjutant-general, and asked him for a certain paper. Grant took a package of papers out of his pocket, found the one the adjutant-general wanted and gave it to him. Selecting another paper he said, "Sherman, there is something you had better put in your pocket," and he handed Sherman his protest. That is the only time it is believed that Sherman was ever affected to tears. The protest was not sent to Washington because Grant felt absolutely certain that if he lived he would take Vicksburg and he did not desire to humiliate Sherman.

A Southern lady once asked Grant, when we stopped to get a glass of water or buttermilk, when he was going to take Vicksburg, in a sneering way. "I do not know, madam." "You don't expect to take it, do you?" "Oh, yes, I came to take it,

and I will stay here until I do." It was exactly ten days after that the army was in Vicksburg. The day before we entered the city, which was on the nation's birthday, Meade had driven back Lee and his army after the crushing defeat at Gettysburg. It was after that news reached Sherman, who had been sent in pursuit of Johnston, and he had heard that we had entered Vicksburg, that he wrote to Grant, saying, "Dear Grant, Glory Hallelujah; this is the greatest Fourth of July since '76."

There are two or three little stories that may be related about Vicksburg before I pass on. At one time the rations of the army were very inadequate. The troops had no bread and as a substitute they used sea biscuit or "hard tack," as our soldiers called them; they were so hard that nothing softer than a brickbat would break them. They happened to be marked B. C. 59. Our soldiers said they were made fifty-nine years before Christ. When Grant heard it he thought it was so droll that he ordered ovens built immediately and supplied the troops with bread.

Grant had a negro cook named Joe, who was very boastful, and one day the General thought he would make an experiment with him. "Joe, Colonel W—— is going out to meet Adams of Alabama; he will probably have a pretty hard fight, and I want you to look after the Colonel, and if anything happens to him to take good care of him." "But," said Joe, "Massa, I would rather not go." "What is the matter?" said the General, "you are not afraid, are you?" "Well, Massa, I ain't a fitin' nigger; I's a cookin' nigger."

He had another story of Joe. Just before the surrender we were digging a great many mines under the enemy's earthworks. One of them was exploded and threw up a good many tons of earth, and also threw up several Confederates, but highest of all went the negro Joe. When he came down by some chance he landed on our side instead of on theirs, and General Logan, who was in command, seized him by the collar and said, "Where did you come from?" "Up dere." "How did you get there?" said the General. "Shell, I spec." "How high did you go?" "Well, I tink about three mile." Grant was so much amused by this simple darkey, who was only a plantation hand, that he took him as his servant and made him his cook, so that he became a cooking nigger, and not a fighting nigger.

In September Grant held a consultation with Banks in New Orleans about an expedition against Mobile, and one day after a review of the 13th Army Corps, which was one of Grant's old corps sent down from Vicksburg to re-inforce Banks in the proposed movement against Mobile. After the review we lunched with a rich planter; his iced champagne was very pleasing to the palate, indeed, on that hot day, and we all felt very happy and had a charming time. Among the officers present was Adjutant-General Thomas of the regular army, who had been a major in the Mexican War when Grant was a first lieutenant, and he never seemed to realize that their positions had changed. He was chaffing Grant a great deal and said, "Grant, you think you are a great rider, but I have a young friend here who I think can ride as well as you can, and I think he can beat you in a horse race this afternoon." "Well," said Grant, "who is your friend?" "Colonel Wilson," said the General. So we mounted our horses and sped along the Carrollton shell road neck and neck. I did not get ahead of him, but I took care that he did not get ahead of me. At a sharp turn in the road a locomotive gave a shriek and it frightened Grant's horse so that Grant was thrown over his head—the only time that Grant was ever thrown. I sprang from my horse, ran to him, and thought he was dead. Soon after the Generals and staffs following arrived, and the two surgeons greatly relieved us by saying he was only badly stunned. But that little accident cost us the defeat at Chicamauga. It prevented General Grant being there, and it is reasonable to suppose that if he had been, there would have been no defeat.

As soon as he was able to move on his crutches he proceeded to Chattanooga and there, as you know, he won one of the most important victories of the war, and the most spectacular battle ever fought during the four years—it was all spread out like a panorama, and I have often heard Grant say that, "as a military spectacle it surpassed any battle field that he ever saw."

In going to Cincinnati after that great victory to meet the Secretary of War, as he was directed to do, he received a note from a gentleman of his own name who asked him to come to see him on his death-bed on a matter of importance. Grant was struck by the curious similarity between the handwriting of the gentleman and that of his brother who died the previous year,

and from that circumstance, and that only, he called to see him. He found him in his bed, and the gentleman said: "General Grant, I have but a few days to live; my most valuable wordly possession is a magnificent horse that probably has no equal in this land. He is the son of Lexington and half brother of Kentucky and his record for speed is equal to that of any living horse. I wish to present him to you upon condition that you will always treat him kindly, and that you will never part with him." The general accepted the horse, and from the circumstance of receiving him in that city named him "Cincinnati." I do not suppose that any horse was ever ridden in battle that was so valuable as Cincinnati, which was easily worth twenty thousand dollars. Grant, who was always a lover of horses and who had owned and ridden an innumerable number, said that he had never seen his equal. In the Wilderness he rode him backward and forward along those long lines and the horse was evidently tireless. Grant frequently used him fourteen hours a day and he never showed any signs of fatigue. And only two human beings were allowed to mount that horse, and they were Admiral Ammen, who had saved his life when a school-boy, and President Lincoln, during his last visit to City Point. After the surrender at Appomattox the General hastened back to Washington to cut down the heavy expenditures which then amounted to about four million dollars a day, without even stopping to enter the city which he had conquered. Then came the great review, which afforded him the greatest possible delight, when the army of the Potomac passed the President, his Cabinet and Grant, under the command of General Meade, and the next day the Western Army, whose drums had been heard in seven Southern States, passed by under their great leader, Sherman.

After his two terms as President, he went abroad—first to England, and there the first dinner that was given to him was given to him by the son of that illustrious soldier, of whom I have already spoken, the second Duke of Wellington, who said to me that he thought, as the son of England's greatest soldier, he was entitled to the honor of giving General Grant his first dinner in England. He gave him a grand banquet, at which sixty persons were present, in the famous Waterloo Chamber of Apsley House, London, where the great Duke had given a dinner on every anniversary of Waterloo. General Grant took in the

beautiful Duchess, one of the famous beauties of England, and the Duke took in Mrs. Grant. He told me, with great delight, of an answer that Mrs. Grant made to him which he seemed to think was most amusing. Speaking about Americans, he said, among other things, "I understand, Mrs. Grant, from what I have read and heard, that the Americans have very poor teeth." "You are very much mistaken, sir," said Mrs. Grant, "they have very good teeth, or if they haven't they buy them."

At this dinner, the Duke arose, and gave the following toast to his American guest: "The descendent of the most successful general in the English army, drinks the health of the ablest general of modern times." Later a distinguished military guest remarked, "Grant is a very learned soldier, as well as a great military genius," at which the American laughed, and modestly remarked, "I am not a learned soldier. Sherman, McPherson and Meade of the North, and Johnston and Lee of the South, were learned soldiers, but I scarcely ever read a military book after leaving West Point, and when I went to the field in 1861, such had been the changes in tactics, that I had trouble in commanding my regiment according to the latest methods." "But," said Sir Edward, "as I have heard English officers praise your tactics, where did you get them and to what did you owe your great success?" Grant paused, looked down at his plate, and then made answer: "I felt a deep interest in the welfare of my country, and I was determined to put down the Rebellion."

Another incident connected with Mrs. Grant. When the Count of Paris came to this country in 1890, he was very anxious to see Mrs. Grant, so I took him in one day to call upon her, and among other things she described the panic that took place one night at City Point when it was rumored that the Confederate gunboats were coming to City Point, and said Mrs. Grant, "The General ran out in his *bananas*." The heir to the throne of France, who was thrown into an uncontrolable fit of laughter, after our departure asked: "Was that a slip of the tongue, or was it said by Mrs. Grant, to cause a laugh?" to which I was obliged to answer, "I do not know, but I presume purposely."

The General had one of the most remarkable tours around the world of which we have any record. I do not think any crowned head ever met with such attention as he received. As a dis-

tinguished Englishman said to me, it was a very extraordinary thing that Grant should move among the royalties and among the highest titled people of Europe with the same composure as if he had never known any other class of people but emperors and kings and dukes—always calm; always quite master of the situation, whatever it was.

He returned from his tour, and after a time he bought a house a few blocks from where I live in New York. There he had a fall one day which lamed him for life. Later on Grant lost his fortune, as you all know. Then he at last consented to do what many of us had urged him in vain to do—he sat down to write some account of his military career, and I introduced the editor of one of our great magazines to him at the time when he was impoverished and had been robbed of all his fortune. That editor made him a most generous offer of a very large sum for four articles to his magazine, and offered him the cheque in advance before pen was put to paper to write a line. In the preparation of these four articles the General became much interested, and was frequently assured by intimate friends that he might replace in part the fortune he had lost by writing his Memoirs, and although he might not live to be benefited by it, it would provide for his family. So I think he won his greatest victory of all when suffering from that mortal malady, in constant torture, never free from suffering, he actually defied death itself until he had finished his work. Then he folded his arms and passed away. That book has been the most successful ever printed since the art was discovered in 1445. No other book of the same character has ever met with such extraordinary success. While he used to think that I was extravagant in predicting that it might possibly realize two hundred thousand dollars for his family, it has already realized more than double that amount, and it did amply provide for them. No similar work with which I am acquainted is so absolutely free from egotistic self-consciousness. It will live with Lincoln's immortal addresses.

A citizen of Philadelphia, who latterly became a citizen of New York, when the end was approaching, offered him the use of a pretty cottage on Mount McGregor not far from Saratoga—Mr. Joseph W. Drexel—a man whose memory should always be held in honor because of his generosity to General Grant. The last time that the General left that little cottage it was to walk

with the assistance of his eldest son to a small rock not twenty yards from the cottage, where he sat down, and the last time that he looked upon any part of this world was upon the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, or as Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, called it, "The Field of the Grounded Arms." Three days after that he passed away.

A great English historian has told us that precisely two hundred years ago, about eight o'clock in the morning, the hero of the battle of the Boyne died at Kensington Palace, and when the Lords-in-waiting were superintending the laying out of the remains and preparing him for burial, they found around his neck a small black silk ribbon and attached to it was the wedding ring of his deceased wife, Queen Mary, and a lock of her dark brown hair. They ordered it removed. When General Grant's spirit took its flight back to its maker at the same hour in the morning as that of the gallant English King, they found suspended around his neck a long thin braid of a woman's hair, intertwined with a little curl of a child's hair. It had been sent to the young Captain who was on duty on the distant Pacific coast, far away in Oregon, by his young wife. It was her hair and that of the son whom Grant had never seen, and he had worn it for thirty years. This ring which I wear, it may interest you to know, contains the hair of Washington, Lincoln and Grant, also that of Napoleon and Wellington.

Grant's funeral took place in New York. It was the greatest military display of armed men ever seen in this city. The tomb which was prepared for him is the grandest ever erected in this world in honor of a soldier. Over the portals of that tomb on the banks of the Hudson are fitly inscribed his dying words, "Let us have peace."

It would be a curious question to inquire what would have been the fate of our country without this triumvirate of uncrowned kings, of whom I have spoken. It may be fairly questioned whether, without Washington, we could have gained our independence, and I think it is equally open to doubt whether the integrity of the Republic could have been maintained without Lincoln and Grant. National unity is no longer a theory, but is a condition, and we are now united in fact as well as in name. In the words of the poet,

“ Those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now in mutual well beseeching ranks,
March all one way.”

Perhaps it is the greatest glory of these illustrious men that they were alike spotless in all the relations of private life. Their country will never cease to cherish their memory, and upon the adamant of their fame, the stream of time will beat without injury. The names of Washington, Lincoln and Grant are enrolled in the Capitol, and they belong to the endless and everlasting ages.



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4th Div. Army in the Field,
Camp Near Knoxville, July 16th 1862
Gen. A. B. Buckner,
Confed. Army,
Sir:

Yours of this date
proposing armistice, and appointment of
Commissioners to settle terms of Capitulation,
is just received. Its terms except
in ~~unconditional~~ immediate surrender
can be ~~accepted~~.
I propose to answer immediately
upon your answer.

I am Sir, very respectfully,
Your obt. servt.
U. S. Grant
Brig. Gen.

